

How I shudder when I think what it must be to see the approach of the shadows of death, when for us there is no light to pierce the gloom and no strong, guiding hand to lead us thro "the valley of the shadow of death."

I stood this afternoon beside a young woman about whom these thick shadows are falling. It is her evening time. Her day has been spent with no Saviour and no God. Yet, we remembered how great the Saviours's love and how boundless and free the mercies of God, and the words of the prophet came to us in all their beauty, "At evening time, it shall be light." Dark as it was, we led her to Nebo's top and pointed across the valley of shadows to the Light that ariseth in the dark of eventide. She saw the glimmer, she believed, she came under the crimson flow by faith, and now she is looking sweetly away to the only Light that there is in the night-fall of life. O, Thou who art the sinner's friend, have mercy, have compassion. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious and full of compassion and righteous." Truly, dear Saviour, Thou wilt ever be with those who love Thee, and at evening time, may it be light.

"At evening time it shall be light." Precious promise to us all. Yet, dear Christian, why so often these gloomy thoughts of death, as if death were fearful. It may be to some: but is it a fearful thing when the heavenly pilgrim arrives at the gates? The triumph of the Christian life comes when the shadows gather and he is within a step of home. It is then, that with the angels, he can sing.

"Home, sweet home, our home forever;  
All the pilgrim journey past;  
Welcome home to wander, never,  
Saved thro Jesus—'Home at last!'"

When the earth vision grows dim, it leaves not the Christian in darkness; but, as it grows dim and dimmer, another light becomes bright and brighter. It is then that the glorious dawn of the beautiful time to come first breaks over the hills eternal. It is when we can see no more of this earth that the mists between us and the hills of Zion are lifted and the Celestial City breaks full in our view. Sweet it will be to fold the draperies of our couch about our dust, while our spirits break forth from the prison walls and go bounding away to that City with the last glad cry of the "Rock of Ages." "All is light, light, light—the brightness of his own glory."

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Oh, how I long for thee!  
When will my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?"

"At evening time it shall be light." Beautiful promise of our Father above—its beauty only to be realized in that hour. But *then* how it will grasp the

curtains and wave them with heaven's brilliance; how it will pick up the shroud and dazzle it with whiteness; how it will come and fill the room with wondrous glory. Then will the walls and images of earth fade away, for nothing earthly can be seen in that light. Then what visions! Vision of Stephen, John Carey, Benjamin Abbott, Rutherford, Dr. Payson,—vision of every saint of God at even time. Far away the glittering City so long foretold. Its golden gates swing open. Sweeping out and sweeping down past star and past cloud comes the heavenly train. "His glorious angels are come for me." "Brethren, sing and pray; eternity dawns." The grand old chorus strikes and reverberates from heaven's high dome,

"In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Washed from every stain I am;  
Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness,  
I am sweeping thro the gate."

Let those who take up their abode in the regions of everlasting darkness, sing, "Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound." But when the shades of evening time gather about me I want my friends and loved ones to take their harps from the willows and sing happy, joyful songs of heaven, of Jesus, and of sinners saved by grace.

"Death is delightful. Death is dawn—  
The waking of a weary night  
Of fevers, unto truth and light."

Roann, Ind.

P. S. Since writing the above, the young lady referred to has gone home. At the early dawn this morning "God's finger touched her, and she slept."

#### MAKING LIGHT.—Matt. 5:14, 15, 16

J. M. TOMBAUGH

On one occasion Jesus said, "I am the light of the world." In this text he declares that his church is the world's light; that individual Christians are the light of the world. The first statement we can readily understand, for Jesus Christ is the world's light. Without him and his teaching, human life would be a riddle, a mystery which none could fathom. Our origin would be a matter of speculation and our destiny none could know. Our ideas of duty and right and wrong would be very vague and dim; there would be no possibility of looking thro the mist which hangs over the river of death; we would have no light on the future, and no hope either for ourselves or our friends after death.

But Jesus has shed a world of light on these dark questions. The pages of the gospel are luminous with the clear light of truth; the cross is radiant with the love of Christ, and the whole dark world has been bathed in a flood of light; for the Sun of righteousness has risen not only to shed the light of knowledge on that which was mysterious and dark but

to bring the better light of purity and holiness, of peace and joy into the hearts of men. The mission of Jesus was to give light to every man that cometh into the world, and if we follow him we shall not walk in darkness but have the light of life.

The experience of thousands of happy Christians who are walking in the light; the testimony of death-beds with the light of peace and glory shining all around them give evidence that Jesus Christ dwelling in the believer's heart does make his pathway bright even down to the very gates of death. We long ago realized that Jesus is the light of the world, now let us try to add to this fact the other truth taught in the text that we are also the light of the world. Christ has kindled a light on earth, he has touched our hearts with the sacred flame, he has given us something of his own light with its power to dispense peace and joy, and now he asks us to let our light shine both for his glory and for the good of humanity. Christ is the great central luminary, the seat and source of all power, and we as Christians have been set in the world, not to be reflectors merely to send back the light we receive without ourselves being warmed by it, but as candles lighted by having been brought in contact with Christ and then set in the church as upon a candle-stick, we shine and our light is feeble or bright just in proportion to the fervor of our zeal and the warmth of our love. Icicles may reflect the sunlight and remain cold, but a candle cannot shine unless it burns. My brother, the brightness of your light as a Christian does not depend upon the amount of external polish you have, it depends upon the warmth of that holy fire which is in your own heart. The earnestness of a true Christian, his zeal for Christ, his love for the church and for the souls of men, his faithfulness and enthusiasm, these things count for more than any number of natural gifts or brilliant talents. There is a beauty and a power in a consistent Christian life that is irresistible and convincing. All your arguments may fail to convince a skeptic, your exhortations may not move him, but there are few indeed who cannot be convinced of the beauty and power of religion if they be permitted to see in your life every day the actual fruits of your faith. You are letting your light shine for the good of men and the glory of God when you are living in such a way that your family and all who come in contact with you can see that something has taken the sharp edge off of your temper; something has made the tones of your voice gentler, has put more kindness into your words, has made you less selfish and more affectionate and tender-hearted. You are letting your light shine when you allow men to